

Titus Monologue

Context: Titus knows that Chiron and Demetrius have mutilated Lavinia and has now kidnapped them to exert his revenge. Also in the scene are Lavinia and some of Titus' soldiers.

TITUS

Come, come, Lavinia. Look, thy foes are bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths. Let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring herself, whom you have tried to stain with Mud.

You killed her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemned to death,

My hand cut off and made a merry jest,

Both her sweet hands, her tongue,

And her chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.

What would you say if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,

And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,

Like to the earth swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

Receive the blood.

[he cuts their throat]

And when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it,

And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.

Come, come, be everyone officious

To make this banquet, which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So. Now bring them in, for I'll play the cook

And see them ready against their mother comes.

Aaron Monologue

(Lucius is read in by the director)

Context: Aaron is on the run because Tamora birthed his child. While trying to flee the city, he is captured by Lucius and his goth-army. Lucius wants to execute Aarons child before his eyes, and afterwards Aaron himself. Aaron, having nowhere else to go, makes the deal with Lucius that the child can live if Aaron tells Lucius something horrifying

AARON

First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

LUCIUS

O, most insatiate and luxurious woman!

[Lucius expected more. Immediately makes move to kill the child again]

AARON

Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus.

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,

And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou sawest.

LUCIUS

O detestable villain, call'st thou that trimming?

AARON

Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That bloody mind I think they learned of me,

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I trained thy brethren to that guileful cave Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay. I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,

Confederate with the Queen and her two sons.

And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I played the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall

When, for his hand, he had his three sons' heads,

Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.

And when I told the Empress of this sport,

She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings (gave me twenty kisses.) / (fucked my brains out.)
(← classical way or modernized and harsh way is up to you to decide. Other even more
different interpretations of parts of the text are also always welcome)

LUCIUS

What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

AARON

Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS

Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON

Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think, Few come within the compass of my curse—

Wherein I did not some notorious ill,

As kill a man, or else devise his death; Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent and forswear myself; Set deadly enmity between two friends; Make

poor men's cattle break their necks; Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night, and bid the

owners quench them with their tears—

I have done a thousand dreadful things

As willingly as one would kill a fly,

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Saturninus Solo-scene

(Backplay provided by director. For questions ask. The timestamps are adhering to the regular version of the song you can find online)

Context: Bassianus, Saturninus' brother, is dead. Although the two have been in a rivalry all their live, Saturninus never expected his brother to suddenly not be here anymore. He tries to make use of his musician, the keyboard, to relive the time when Bassianus (whose musician was the piano) was still around by instructing it to play “Piano Man” and singing alongside it. Unfortunately, a Keyboard is not a Piano, leading to Saturninus' musician being unable to fulfill his master's wish, shoving Saturninus even more into despair.

SATURNINUS

Okay, again. And this time, put some heart into it.

[Piano Man – Billy Joel]

[Instrumental from 1:13 onwards]

SATURNINUS

La, la-la, di-dee-da

La-la, di-dee-da, da dum

Sing us a song, you're the piano man

Sing us a song tonight

Well, we're all in the mood for a—*[Synth]*

No! *[Music cut]* What the fuck are you doing? Again!

[Instrumental from 1:23]

SATURNINUS

Sing us a song, you're the piano man

Sing us a—*[Synth]*

NO! *[Music cut]* You're the piano man, PIANO MAN! God fucking dammit.

Why can't you play me this memory? Why can't you be him?

Chiron and Demetrius Duo-Scene

(Backplay can be provided by director. For questions ask. Song is the regular version you can find online, starting from the very beginning)

Note: Being willing to do a scene like this is not paramount to whether an actor is considered to play these roles. Should actors absolutely not feel comfortable with a performance of this kind but otherwise fit the roles perfectly, we can talk about this.

Context: Chiron and Demetrius are living the life. They are tremendously happy about the new life they get to enjoy and want to spend their time listening to their favorite music. To do so, they abuse Saturninus' musician (the Keyboard) and use him to play whatever song they like. Two boys who right here just want to make a show of listening to their favorite song.

[DNA – Kendrick Lamar]

CHIRON & DEMETRIUS (with backplay)

I got, I got, I got, I got
Loyalty, got royalty inside my DNA
Cocaine quarter piece, got war and peace inside my DNA
I got power, poison, pain and joy inside my DNA
I got hustle though, ambition, flow inside my DNA

I was born like this, since one like this, immaculate conception
I transform like this, perform like this, was Yeshua new weapon
I don't contemplate, I meditate, then off your fucking head
This that put-the-kids-to-bed
This that I got, I got, I got
Realness, I just kill shit 'cause it's in my DNA
I got millions, I got riches buildin' in my DNA
I got dark, I got evil, that rot inside my DNA
I got off, I got troublesome heart inside my DNA

(If the actors want to do more of the song or have a different song in mind they want to use to showcase their “boys-growling-to-music”-skills, they are free to do so :), though it is very likely that, should the scene be part of the final play, DNA will be the song we use)

Scene 1.1.1

Roles: Saturninus, Bassianus, Marcia (, Lavinia who is with Bassianus but can be imagined for the casting)

SATURNINUS

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms. And countrymen, my loving followers, as eldest,
plead my title with your swords.
I am his firstborn son that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome. So let my father's honors live in me, Nor wrong
mine age with this indignity.

BASSIANUS

Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Vote for him to be your emperor,
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

[Marcia enters with letter, seeing the Princes' election-speeches]

MARCIA

[Interjecting] Princes!
Princes, that strive with factions and with friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome have,
As their candidate for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
In light of your father's passing, he is to return home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome,
Five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last,
Returns the good Andronicus home.
Let us entreat, by honor of our late emperor
Whom worthily you would have now succeeded,
That you two withdraw and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

BASSIANUS

Marcia Andronicus, I ally in thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honor thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here submit to the empery of Andronicus.

SATURNINUS

Friends that have been thus forward in my right, I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favor of my country Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[End of passage for casting]

Scene 1.1.2

Roles: Titus, Lavinia, Saturninus, Bassianus, Marcia (, Tamora)

[Titus enters with his sons (which can be imagined for this casting) and his prisoner Tamora, formerly Queen of the Goths]

[Burial scene. Titus and his 4 sons have just returned from the wars, bearing the coffin of another one of Titus's sons who is now being carried to his final resting place]

TITUS

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps.
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
here are no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons. Klarer

LAVINIA

In peace and honor live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies,
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy glücklicher
Shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.

TITUS

Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved glücklicher
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Rise Lavinia, rise and live, outlive thy father's days my angel.

MARCIA

Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

TITUS

Thanks, gentle tribune, noble sister Marcia.

MARCIA

And welcome, nephews, from successful wars— You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
Further, I have matters of great happiness to transmit:
Titus Andronicus!

TITUS

What now Marcia?

MARCIA

The people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

name thee in election for the empire

With these our late deceased emperor's sons.

Be candidatus, then [*tries to hand him a band as show of his new rank*],

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TITUS

A better head her glorious body fits

Than his that shakes for age and feebleness. Beiläufiger

What, should I don this robe and trouble you?

Be chosen with proclamations today,

Tomorrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years, led my country's strength successfully,

And buried twenty-one valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country.

Give me a staff of honor for mine age,

But not a scepter to control the world.

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARCIA

Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SATURNINUS

Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TITUS

Patience, Prince Saturninus.

SATURNINUS

Romans, do me right. Patricians, draw your swords and sheathe them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—

Andronicus, would thou were shipped to hell

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

TITUS

Content thee, prince. I will restore to thee

The people's hearts—.

BASSIANUS

Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honor thee, and will do till I die.
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends, I will most thankful be, and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed.

TITUS

People of Rome, you have given me your voices and your suffrages, bestowing onto me a role
I never would have wished to fill out. Although I have thereby disregarded your most
gracious gift, award me with another and heed my words on who deserves to be the next
emperor of great Rome.
Follow this suit I make:
That you create our emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as the sun's rays on Earth
And ripen justice in this commonweal.
If you will elect by my advice,
Crown him and say "Long live our emperor."

MARCIA

With voices and applause of every sort, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say "Long live our Emperor Saturnine."

SATURNINUS

Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honorable family, Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TITUS

[hesitating]
It doth, my worthy lord, it doth

SATURNINUS

Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts Rome shall record.—And when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts, Romans, forget your fealty to me.

BASSIANUS

Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

TITUS

How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

BASSIANUS

Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

LAVINIA

Please father...

SATURNINUS

Titus?

TITUS

One moment my emperor

SATURNINUS

Not granted Titus...

[End of passage for casting]

[Passage that is cut in casting. Saturninus feels betrayed by Titus and his family]

Scene 1.1.3

Roles: Titus, Lavinia, Saturninus, Bassianus, Marcia, Tamora

[Saturninus, looking at the prisoners, sees Tamora]

SATURNINUS

What a goodly lady sits there?

Of the hue that I would choose, were I to choose anew.

Cheer up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance.

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,

Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome.

Princely shall be thy usage in every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes madam for the one who comforts you can make you greater than the Queen of Goths. Tell me this fair lady, what is thy name?

TAMORA

Tamora

SATURNINUS

What a beautiful name thou hast

Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

LAVINIA

Not I, my lord. Thou speakest nobly and in princely courtesy.

SATURNINUS

Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans,

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free. Proclaim our honours with trumpets and drum.

Lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,

That dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome.

If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome.

Here I swear by all the Roman gods, I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

TAMORA

In sight of heaven, to Rome I swear, If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires, A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SATURNINUS

Ascend, fair queen. [To the audience] Lords, excuse Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine, For we shall now go consummate our spousal rites.
And as for you Titus, the emperor has no need for thee or any of thy stock: I'll trust, by
leisure, him that mocks me once; Thee never, nor thy traitorous sons. Was there none else in
Rome to make a stale, But Saturnine? Full well, [to the public] Romans, hear your emperor's
first decree. Anyone that said'st I begg'd the empire at Andronicus' hands shall be shot dead.

TAMORA

My worthy lord, if ever Tamora Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak in indifferently for all; and at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SATURNINUS

What, madam! Be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

TAMORA

Not so, my lord.
But on mine honour dare I vouch
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all.
Look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

SATURNINUS

Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevailed.

TITUS

I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

TAMORA

Fear not lords.
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[Everyone goes to their knees except Saturninus and the former prisoners.]

SATURNINUS

Away all, and talk not; trouble us no more.

TAMORA

Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends: Look, The tribune and his nephews kneel for
grace and there goes our sweet Titus; I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

SATURNINUS

Marcia, for thy and thy brother's sake, And at my lovely Tamora's entreats, I do remit your heinous faults: Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl, I found a friend, and sure as death I swore I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

[Look at Bassianus]

So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize: God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

BASSIANUS

And you of yours, my lord! I say no more, Nor wish no less; and so, we take our leave.

SATURNINUS

Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power, Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BASSIANUS

Let the laws of Rome determine all; Meanwhile I am possess'd of my truth betrothed love and soon to be wife.

SATURNINUS

Come Lavinia, if the emperor's court can feast two brides, You are my guest together with your friends.

This day shall be a love-day. Titus, we wish for your attendance at tomorrow's hunt.

TITUS

Yes my lord

[All but Titus, sons and Marcia leave]

[End of scene for casting]

Scene 2.1

Roles: Aaron, Chiron, Demetrius

AARON

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale Envy's threat'ning reach.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains
And fast bound to Aaron's charming eyes.
Away with slavish clothes and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? To wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this nymph,
This siren that will charm Rome's Saturnine
And see his shipwrack and his ruin.
Who comes here?

[Enter Chiron and Demetrius in an argument. Aaron hides]

DEMETRIUS

Chiron, thy years wants wit, thy wits wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am graced.

CHIRON

Demetrius, thou dost overween in all.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate. I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve and to deserve my mistress' grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love [draws].

DEMETRIUS

Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a toy sword by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to. [Chiron stabs, Demetrius evades]

CHIRON

With the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMETRIUS

Ay, boy, grow you so brave?

[Demetrius draws and the two run at each other with extended blade].

AARON

[intervening]

Why, how now, lords?

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw And maintain such a quarrel openly?

For shame, put up.

DEMETRIUS

Not I, till I have sheathed

My rapier in his bosom.

CHIRON

For that I am prepared and full resolved,

Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AARON

Away, I say!

[Throws both where they came from]

Knives!

[The two slide their knives to Aaron who picks them up and puts them away]

Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore, This petty brabble will undo us all.

What, is Lavinia then become so loose Or Bassianus so degenerate

That for her love such quarrels may be broached Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! Should the Empress know This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHIRON

I care not, I, knew she and all the world. I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMETRIUS

Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice. Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON

Why, are you mad?

You do but plot your deaths

By this device

CHIRON

Aaron, a thousand deaths Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

AARON

To achieve her how?

DEMETRIUS

Why makes thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

What, man, more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of, we know.

CHIRON

Just because there is a goalkeeper, doesn't mean you can't score.

DEMETRIUS

Why should he despair that knows to court it With words, fair looks, and liberality? Come on Aaron, as if you didn't know what we are talking about!

AARON

Why, then, it seems some quick snatch or so Would serve your turns.

CHIRON

Ay, so the turn were served.

DEMETRIUS

Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON

Would you had hit it too!

Why are you such fools

To square for this? Would it offend you then should you both succeed?

CHIRON

Faith, not me.

DEMETRIUS

Nor me, so I were one.

AARON

For shame, then be friends, and join for that you jar.

You must see

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

A speedier course than ling'ring courtment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand; There will the lovely Roman ladies join.

The forest walks are wide and spacious, And many unfrequented plots there are, Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words.

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

CHIRON

Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEMETRIUS

Till I find the stream

To cool this heat, nothing will stop me!

[They exit]

Scene 2.3.1

Roles: Aaron, Tamora, Lavinia, Bassianus

Note: This scene features racist remarks from Lavinia and Bassianus. We decided to keep the sentences in this (already slightly toned down) form to open up a discussion about society's deeply ingrained racist tendencies. If you want to make changes to the text for your readthrough, that is possible but we do not want to cut the topic of racism from the play completely. Naturally, an understanding of the text, a clear cut between acting-person and role and an informed confrontation with the topic of racism will be an integral part of rehearsing this scene. It is of paramount importance to us that all actors feel comfortable in the environment that we together create.

[Aaron alone on stage, trying to hide a bag of gold (quick improv is always welcome :))]

[Enter Tamora]

TAMORA

My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snakes lies rollèd in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a checkered shadow on the ground.
Come sit with me, my sweet Aaron,
the hunt is underway and we could make some use
of that well desired privacy...

AARON

Madam, though Venus govern your desires, Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs.
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand, Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Hear my plan:
This is the day of doom for Bassianus.
His Lavinia must lose her tongue today, Thy sons will pillage her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

[He takes out a paper]

Seest thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee,
And give Saturninus this fatal-plotted scroll.

Do this for me and then...I'll be looking forward to our next hour of privacy.

TAMORA

I understand my dove.

[Enter Bassianus and Lavinia]

AARON

I'll go fetch thy sons

[Aaron exits]

BASSIANUS

[Seeing Tamora] Who have we here?

Rome's royal empress, Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?

TAMORA

How dare you intrude on me like this?!

The hounds Should drive upon thy limbs, Unmannerly as thou art.

LAVINIA

Under your patience, gentle empress,

We didn't mean to interrupt thy Moor's and thy experiments.

Still, I wonder what the emperor's hounds would think of that...

BASSIANUS

Why are you sequestered from all your train,

And wandered hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor, If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAVINIA

But as we have intercepted this noble empress in her sport,—I pray you, let us hence, And let her joy her raven-colored love. This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASSIANUS

You are right my love, let us hence. [To Tamora] And you, enjoy these last hours with your lover to full effect for Saturninus, my brother, shall have note of this.

LAVINIA

Ay, good king to be so mightily abused!

TAMORA

Why, have I patience to endure all this.

[End of scene for Casting]

Scene 2.3.2

Roles: Aaron, Quintus, Martius, Mutius

[Aaron enters, leading in Quintus, Martius and Mutius]

AARON

Come on, my lords, the better foot before.
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome cave Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINTUS

My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MARTIUS

And mine, I promise you. Were it not for shame, Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

MUTIUS

In this cave is where the beast lies?
Stand back noble brothers and let me show you
The abilities of a true Andronicus.

[goes into the cave]

QUINTUS

And O noble brother? What seest the most valiant among the Andronici?

MARTIUS

Perchance the noble beast has already mauled him to death.

QUINTUS

Yea and very nobly so.

MUTIUS

You both know that I can still here ye, right?

MARTIUS

Where in heavens has Aaron gone? [splitting off]

QUINTUS

No but truly, what dost thou see? It doesn't sound as thou the noble beast is in its noble home?

MUTIUS

Truly, I don't see much.

The darkness is suffocating and by multitudes more intense than what I had expected from outside.

It is almost as bewitched, like thick night or the dunnest smoke of hell has come to darken this cave.

I do not feel well.

QUINTUS

Naw the noblest Andronicus does not feel well in the dark cave?

Just come out Mutius, thy big brother will keep the demons away from you.

MUTIUS

I can't.

QUINTUS

What dost thou mean you "can't"? You can't step out the cave?

[Martius sees 2 corpses lying on the side (can be imagined for the casting)]

MARTIUS

Brothers let's go. I have a bad feeling about this.

QUINTUS

Another Andronici that doesn't feel well? If I had a nickel for every time—

MARTIUS

Do not jest. People are dying in these woods, we need to get back to father.

QUINTUS

What?

MARTIUS

Mutius come out of the cave, we leave.

MUTIUS

I told you, I can't leave.

QUINTUS

Stop it Mutius, we must go.

MUTIUS
I am trying.

QUINTUS
Come out the hole now!

MUTIUS
Something is holding me!

MARTIUS
Where is Aaron?!

[Aaron sneaks of/hides during the conversation. Where (and more importantly how) is for you to decide for now :)]
[End of scene for casting]

Scene 3.1.1

Roles: Titus, Lavinia, Marcia, Lucius

TITUS

Hear me, grave fathers; noble tribunes, stay.
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watched,
And for these bitter tears which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
Whose souls is not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For twenty-one sons I never wept
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.
For these three, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite.
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O Earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow

[enter Lucius]

And keep eternal springtime on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

LUCIUS

O noble father, you lament in vain.
The Tribunes hear you not; no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TITUS

Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.— Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you—

LUCIUS

My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TITUS

Why, 'tis no matter, child. If they did hear, They would not mark me; if they did mark,
They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones;
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUCIUS

To rescue my three brothers from their death, For which attempt the Judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TITUS,

O happy man, they have befriended thee! How happy art thou
From these devourers to be banishèd.
But who comes here?

[Enter Marcia, leading Lavinia in behind her]

MARCIA

Titus, prepare thy agèd eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break.
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TITUS

Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

MARCIA

This was thy daughter.

[Enter Lavinia]

TITUS

Why, Marcia, so she is. [hug]
Speak, Lavinia. What accursèd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword. I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome and all in vain;

LUCIUS

Speak, gentle sister. Who hath martyred thee?

MARCUS

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
Is torn from forth that pretty cage
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

LUCIUS

O, say thou for her who hath done this deed!

MARCUS

O, thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself as doth the deer
That hath received some fatal wound.

TITUS

It was my dear, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead.
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son a banished man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have madded me. What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee.
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus!—Ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears Stood on her cheeks.

MARCIA

Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband, Perchance because she knows them
innocent.

TITUS

If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed.
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia,
make some sign how I may do thee ease.

[End of scene for casting]

Scene 3.1.2

Roles: Titus, Lavinia, Marcia, Lucius (Aaron, who can be read in by the director)

[In the cut passage, Aaron has tricked Titus into forfeiting his hand in hope to save his sons this way. Titus now continues with only one arm (acting person will play without using their non-dominant hand). At the beginning, only Titus, Aaron and Lavinia are onstage]

[Aaron throws a bag with heads onstage]

AARON

Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.
Here are the heads of thy (three) noble sons,
And thy hand in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy grief their sports, thy resolution mocked.
... see you around :)

[Aaron leaves]

TITUS

When will this fearful slumber have an end?
O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth. If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.

[Lavinia sits beside him]

TITUS

What, wouldst thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers.

[Enter Marcia and Lucius fighting for an Axe]

MARCIA

O dear brother let reason govern thy lament

TITUS

[pointing at bag with heads] Look here Marcia!
If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the Earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs doth flow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the Earth.
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my Earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned,
Forwhy my bowels cannot hide her woes
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.
Ha, ha, ha!

MARCIA

Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

TITUS

Why, I have not another tear to shed.
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears.

MARCIA

Titus, now no more will I control thy griefs.
Tent off thy silver hair, thy other hand,
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes.
Now is a time to storm. Why art thou still?

TITUS

Which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these three heads do seem to speak to me
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be returned again
Even in their throats that hath committed them.
Come you sad people, circle me about
That I may swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, sister, take the heads, I will take my hand.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight.
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths and raise an army there.
And if you love me, as I think you do, Let's part, for we have much to do.

[All but Lucius exit]

LUCIUS

Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister.
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.
If Lucius live he will requite your wrongs
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates.

Scene 4.2

Roles: Marcia, Aaron, Chiron, Demetrius, Nurse

[Marcia enters with weapons and a scroll]

MARCIA
Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron,
I come bearing a message from Titus.

CHIRON
Demetrius, here's the valiant Marcia
And she has some message to deliver us.

DEMETRIUS
Ay, some message from her mad brother.—
Gramercy, lovely Marcia.
What's the news?

MARCIA
May it please you,
My brother, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory along with this scroll
To gratify your honorable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say.
Whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both.

[She leaves]

DEMETRIUS
What's here? A scroll from Titus?
Let's see:
“One who is pure in life and of no crime
Needs not the weapon made for war”

CHIRON
Oh I know that one. Isn't that Dead Poet's Society?

DEMETRIUS
As if you have seen Dead Poet's Society. Sounds more like Shakespeare to me.

CHIRON
As if you have read Shakespeare.

DEMETRIUS

Fair point.

AARON

[Taking the scroll]

Were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus's conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

DEMETRIUS

Yea, it does me good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

AARON

Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMETRIUS

I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHIRON

A charitable wish, and full of love!

[Trumpets (played by director...if wanted :))]

DEMETRIUS

Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

[Enter Nurse, with a black child in her arms]

NURSE

Good morrow, lords.
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AARON

Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is. And what with Aaron now?

NURSE

O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone! Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.

AARON

Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep! What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy arms?

NURSE

O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye, Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace. She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

AARON

Well, God give her good rest. What hath he sent her?

NURSE

A devil.

AARON

Why, then she is the devil's dam. A joyful issue!

NURSE

A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue!

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad. The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON

Zounds, you whore, is black so base a hue?

[Takes the baby] Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEMETRIUS

Villain, what hast thou done?

AARON

That which thou canst not undo.

CHIRON

Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON

Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEMETRIUS

And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her. Woe to her chance, and damned her loathèd choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

CHIRON

It shall not live.

AARON

It shall not die.

NURSE

Aaron, it must. The mother wills it so.

AARON

What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMETRIUS

I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

Aaron give it me. My sword shall soon dispatch it.

AARON,

Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up!

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother? Now, by the burning tapers of the sky

That shone so brightly when this boy was got, He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my firstborn son and heir.

[Chiron and Demetrius stare at him silently]

What, what, you sanguine, shallow-hearted boys, You white-limed walls, you alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue

In that it scorns to bear another hue; For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white, Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the Empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEMETRIUS

Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AARON

My mistress is my mistress, this myself, The vigor and the picture of my youth.

This before all the world do I prefer;

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEMETRIUS

By this our mother is forever shamed.

NURSE

The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

CHIRON

I blush to think upon this ignomy.

AARON

Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing The close enacts and counsels of thy heart.
Here's a young lad framed of another leer.
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchisèd and come to light.
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.

NURSE

Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

DEMETRIUS

Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice.
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

[End of scene for casting]

Scene 4.4

Roles: Saturninus, Tamora (, Chiron&Demetrius, Messenger. These 3, could be imagined)

[Saturninus sees Flyers on the ground Tamora notices this]

TAMORA

My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts—

SATURNINUS

[reading]

*“Friends, Romans, Countrymen,
Lend me your ears.
If ever House Andronicus
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Rise up and suffer not dishonor atop the imperial seat.
Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.”*

Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz the people's ears, there naught hath passed
But even with law against the willful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes for Rebellion.
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
A goodly humor is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned exstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,
He'll so awake as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAMORA

My emperor calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus's age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his heart.

SATURNINUS

What, shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully!
[To a Demetrius] Go, drag the villain hither by the hair.
Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman,
Sly, frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

CHIRON

My lord?

SATURNINUS

What?!

CHIRON

Perhaps you should keep reading.

[Saturninus takes another look at the Flyer]

“More on page 2”

[He frantically searches for page 2. Finds it and reads]

*“And all hail the true emperor of Rome,
Lucius Andronicus”*
What?

[A messenger enters. Can be read by the director]

MESSENGER

My lord!
The Goths have gathered head, and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus!

[Messenger exits]

SATURNINUS

Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much.
Myself hath often heard them say,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

TAMORA

Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

SATURNINUS

Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius
And will revolt from me to succor him.

TAMORA

King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dimmed that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Cheer thy spirit, for know thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish.

SATURNINUS

But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAMORA

If Tamora entreat him, then he will.
Now will I to that old Andronicus
And temper him with all he art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

[Tamora exits]

SATURNINUS

Then go successantly, and plead to him.

Scene 5.2

Roles: Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Titus, Marcia

[Enter Tamora and her two sons, disguised]

TAMORA

Now listen to me you two.

In this strange and sad habiliment

I will encounter with Andronicus

And Say I am Revenge, sent from below

To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.

Whate'er I forge to feed his brainsick humors,

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.

[They knock]

TITUS

Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,

That so my sad decrees may fly away

And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceived, for what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I have set down,

And what is written shall be executed.

TAMORA

Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS

No, not a word.

TAMORA

If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

TITUS

I am not mad. I know thee well enough.

Witness this wretched stump; witness these crimson lines;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow that I know thee well For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA

Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora. She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes. Come out and welcome me to this world's light.

TITUS

[pokes his head out the curtain]

Art thou Revenge? And art thou sent to me To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAMORA

I am. Therefore come down and welcome me.

TITUS

[Looking at Chiron and Demetrius]

And who are these fine young men?

TAMORA

These are my ministers and come with me

TITUS

What are they called?

TAMORA

Rape and Murder; therefore callèd so

‘Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TITUS

[Comes out]

Hello Rape,

And good evening Murder.

Good Lord, how like the Empress’ sons they are,

And you the Empress! But we worldly men

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And if one arm’s embracement will content thee, I will embrace thee in it by and by.

Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee. Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house.—

What shall we do?

TAMORA

What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMETRIUS

Show me a murderer; I’ll deal with him.

CHIRON

Show me a villain that hath done a rape, And I am sent to be revenged on him.

TAMORA

Show me a thousand that hath done thee wrong, And I will be revengèd on them all.

TITUS,

[To Demetrius] Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou findest a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.

[To Chiron] Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee, Good Rape, stab him; he is a ravisher.

[To Tamora] Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's court

There is a queen attended by one Aaron.

Well shalt thou know her by thine own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death. They have been violent to me and mine.

TAMORA

Well hast thou lessoned us; this shall we do. But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house?

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast, I will bring in the Empress and her sons, The Emperor himself, and all thy foes,

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel, And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device?

TITUS, (calling)

MARCIA!

[Enter Marcia]

Go, gentle Marcia, to thy nephew Lucius. Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths. Bid him repair to me and encamp his soldiers where they are.

Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too

Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them. This do thou for my love, and so let him,

As he regards his aged father's life.

MARCIA

This will I do, and soon return again.

[Marcia exits]

TAMORA

Now will I hence about thy business And take my ministers along with me.

TITUS

Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me.

TAMORA,
What say you, boys?

DEMETRIUS,
Madam, depart at pleasure. Leave us here.

TAMORA
Farewell, Andronicus. Revenge now goes To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

TITUS
I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[Tamora exits. End of scene for casting]